

## The Time I Was Helped By Brian Goble

I had been battling a cold for about a week or two. Then, one night, my temperature spiked. I was rushed to the hospital and diagnosed with pneumonia. I knew going to school was an impossibility for a while, but didn't realize it would be 2-3 weeks. After my first day, I realized something. My schoolwork would be building up and up and up! I started to fret. What would I do? When I go back to school, I would have so much work, I might not be able to make it all up in time! All my worrying did not help my pneumonia, and I got worse. Then, I had an idea. My friend from down the road, Stephen Landis, might be able to bring my homework to me!

I wrote a short note asking Stephen to bring home my schoolwork, so as not to fall too far behind. I then gave the note to my mother and asked her to put it in Stephen's mailbox (considering I was confined to bed). I waited a day, and no reply. Maybe Stephen wouldn't do me a big favor? Then, about 2 days later, there was a knock on my door. I heard my mother open it, and heard Stephen's voice! He had ridden his bicycle up the steep, mile-high, hill separating our houses, just to give me my mound of schoolwork! The next day, he did the same thing. The trend continued. My mother offered to drive to Stephen's house to pick up my schoolwork. He said to "Not worry about it," even though he would be red-faced and huffing-and-puffing by the time he knocked on our door.

Eventually, I got better. The sneezing ended, and the coughing stopped. I still had a few days off, and decided to write a letter thanking Stephen. When I finally went back to school, Stephen came up to me and said "No problem." A few weeks later, I saw him with an inhaler. I went up to him and asked what it was for. Stephen then told me he had asthma. I stared at him, amazed. "You mean to tell me, you rode your bike over a mile, up a steep hill, all the way to my house, just to give me my homework, AND you have asthma?" I asked. He shook his head and said "I needed the exercise, and besides, that's what friends are for!"

Now, a few years later, we are freshman in high school. Stephen is in a few of my classes, and we still talk a bit, but not as much as we used too. I decided to ask him a few questions, to see if he still feels the same way. When asked "What compelled you to help me?" Stephen replied "You were very sick, so I felt like helping. Plus, I got exercise from riding, and you didn't fall behind in school." He smiled, then told me about how he felt after helping me. "I felt happy, and a little tired. It was fun to ride back down the hill, though, and it was good to know I helped to keep you from falling behind on your schoolwork!" I laughed, then inquired on the subject I wanted to know most about. "Were you worried about having an asthma

attack?" Stephen pondered a moment, then answered "I thought about that, since it was a hard ride. But, I made sure to use my inhaler and not push myself too hard." I shook my head and thanked him, and that was that. This is how I was helped.